

The Mirror

OF

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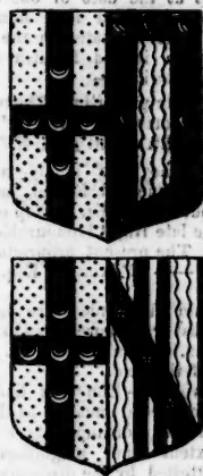
SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1830.

[PRICE 2d.

Riddal Hall, near Leeds.



Window, date 1400.



Arms of the Ellis' family.

KIDDAL HALL.

LITTLE need be said in praise of early English architecture, as exhibited in the "proper mansions, houses, and homes" of our forefathers. There is a warmth and breadth of snugness and comfort in the associations which it kindles in our recollections of past ages, which but ill assort with the frigidity and puny proportions of the building taste of our times. Massive, broad-eaved roofs, wherever they are preserved, clumsily contrast with slate-work of yesterday, perking from a clump of nodding foliage; but the rich tracery and casement-work of bay-windows is, to the lover of hoar antiquity, more gratifying than the modern elegance of plate-glass, which in the parlance of philosophy, extended across our window openings, "admits the light while it repels the storm."

Perhaps no portion of architectural antiquities is more popular or attractive than windows; and as an interesting illustration of this fact, a correspondent, of considerable antiquarian attainments, has favoured us with the original drawings of the annexed Engravings.

The first is a pictorial view of the "Hall" in which the specimen is preserved—viz. "Kiddal Hall"—in the parish of Barwick-in-Elmet, about six miles north-east of Leeds, in Yorkshire.

The second Cut is a sectional view of the window, technically termed embayed: the Gothic pinnacles, embattled parapet, and embellishments were very perfect at the date of our drawing—after a lapse of four hundred and thirty years, as stated in the following inscription in old English characters on the exterior:—

"*Ostate pro alibus Thome Ellis et
Anne uxoris sue qui ista' fenestra'
fecerunt An'o Domini MCCCC.*"

From the Ellis' family, which long after continued at Kiddal, immediately descended Dr. Ellis, Bishop of Kildare, and the late Right Honourable Welbore Ellis. The present proprietor of Kiddal is — Wilkinson, Esq., of Potterton.

Within the window are emblazoned the Ellis' arms represented in the third Cut, viz. Or, on a cross sa. five crescents of the field.

Barwick-in-Elmet is likewise entitled to special mention as the ancient seat of the Northumbrian kings; and its extent and magnificence have been attested by the discovery of many interesting remains in the Saxon style.

"The vast fortification of Barwick,

which probably surpassed every similar work in the kingdom, remains unaccounted for, unless we suppose it to have been the work of Edwin, the most powerful monarch of the whole dynasty, and, in the confusion which followed his death, to have been abandoned by his successors."

Not a single Saxon coin has been discovered here, but bones discovered outside the trench to the west, within the memory of persons alive, a few years since, prove that it was not abandoned without slaughter.

SINGULAR CHARITY AT RO-CHESTER.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

HAVING seen a notice of the Charity at Rochester, in Kent, in *The Mirror*, No. 427, it struck me that it might not be uninteresting to your readers to be informed of the founder of such charity, and a few other particulars relating thereto, in addition to the laconic notice of it by your correspondent, *H. B. A.* I therefore send you the following:—It was founded by Richard Watts, of whom there is a tradition, that being taken suddenly ill, he sent for a Proctor to make his will, who instead of following the instructions given him by the testator, had framed the will, bequeathing the whole of the property to himself; but the testator suddenly recovering from his illness, and discovering the fraud intended to be practised on him by the Proctor, caused him to embody *Proctors with Thieves*,† in the exclusion from the benefit of his charity. But there are some who are of opinion, that the inscription refers to such as were wont to collect money under begging briefs, and who were in general infamous characters.

Travellers accepting this charity are allowed the use of a tea-kettle, cups, saucers, plates, knives, and forks, but they must restore, give up, and (if broken) make good every article that is provided for their use and comfort, before leaving the house. A good fire is kept up for the purpose of taking tea or supper, and for drying clothes, &c. There are several rules and regulations for the due preservation of order and decorum, among which are, that they are to go to bed on or before eight o'clock; and to pay implicit obedience to the directions of the matron.

Z. F.

* Thoresby's "Leeds."

† I think it is *Rogues* on the stone.

Retrospective Gleanings.

A HAUNTED HOUSE AT ATHENS.

(*For the Mirror.*)

CLASSICAL scholars will no doubt be able readily to refer to the original of the following very curious record of an ancient ghost; one not, we believe, quite so well known as the gigantic demon of Brutus, &c.; but perhaps more interesting, because bearing a very considerable resemblance to the apparitions of which we read and hear, in ages somewhat more modern. Those fair readers to whom the works of the celebrated Roman, which contain the following narrative, are in the original tongue “a sealed book,” will, we surmise, hail with all due satisfaction, a translation which is likely to gratify the laudable curiosity they must feel respecting the ghosts and haunted houses of ancient times.*

The translation, apparently not by a modern hand, is headed thus:—

Letters out of Pliny. Lib. 7. Epist. 27.

(*To Sura.*)

“ You and I are both at leisure, you to teach, and I to be informed. I have for a long while earnestly desired to know whether there are any such things in reality, as spectres, or whether they are only the results of a fearful imagination. For my part, I am inclined to believe the former, from what happened, as I have been told the story, to Curtius Rufus. He was walking up and down a portico, towards the evening, when the shape of a woman appeared to him, but much bigger than the life, and much more beautiful. This unexpected sight strangely surprised him, when the phantom told him she was Afric, and came on purpose to tell him his fortune; adding, that he was going to Rome, where he should be advanced to the greatest honours; that he should return back to this province in quality of governor, and there die. Everything exactly happened as the spectre foretold. The story goes, that as he was sailing for Carthage, and coming out of the ship, the very same figure met him upon the shore, upon which he felt sick, and remembering what it had formerly told him, gave up all hopes of recovery, before the physicians thought his case

* This reminds us that in an early No. of *The Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, appeared some curious notices of modern “ Haunted Houses;” and we may be some day inclined to give *Addenda* on the subject, but for the present merely mention it *en passant*.

dangerous. But what I am now going to tell you, as it is much stranger, so is it more terrible than the other. There was a large and stately house at Athens, but untenanted by reason of the ill name it lay under; for in the depth of the night you might hear a noise like that of the dragging of chains, which at first seemed to be farther off, but by degrees came nearer and nearer to you: at last a ghost appeared in the shape of an old man, lean and meagre, with a long beard, and the hair of his head matted; it had fetters about its legs and manacles on its hands, which it shaked and rattled. These strange noises disturbed the neighbourhood so, that few or none could sleep for them; some fell sick with watching so long, and their fears increasing, died soon after; for though the spectre was not visible in the day, yet their memory still represented it to their eyes, and one fear begat another: for this reason no one would dwell in the house, but it stood empty and was left wholly to the ghost to play its midnight frolics in; however, there was a bill put over the door to signify that the house was to be let or sold, if by chance they could meet with a chapman who knew nothing that it was haunted. It happened that one Athenodorus, a philosopher, coming to Athens, read the bill, inquired after the rent, and suspecting there was something extraordinary in the matter, because it was to be had so cheap, he informed himself of the neighbours, who fairly acquainted him with the whole business. He was so far from being discouraged by it that it made him more eager to strike a bargain. When it began to grow dark, he ordered a bed to be made for him in a room that faced the street. He called for paper, ink, and candle, and ordered all his servants to withdraw. He employed his mind, his eyes, and his hands in writing, lest his imagination having nothing to employ it, might be at leisure to create visions and spectres. All the former part of the night the scene continued quiet enough; at last he heard the rattling of iron and shaking of chains. Our philosopher did not so much as lift up his eyes to see what was the matter, nor leave off writing, but endeavoured all he could to neglect it; the noise still increasing and moving nearer, so that sometimes it appeared to be within, and sometimes without, the room, at last Athenodorus looked behind him, and saw it just as the neighbours had described it to him. It stood still and beckoned with its finger, like a man who

calls to another. He, on the other side, made sign that it should tarry a little for him, and fell a-writing again. All this while the spectre rattled his chains over his head as he writ, and he, looking behind him, found that it beckoned to him as before ; so he took up his candle in his hand and followed it. The ghost walked leisurely along, as if its chains did hinder it ; after that it turned into the courtyard and immediately vanished underground. Our philosopher took some leaves and herbs that he might know the place again. The next day he went to the magistrates of the town, and advised them to dig in the place where this happened, which accordingly they did, and found a parcel of bones wrapped about with iron chains, formerly belonging to a body, which time, and the earth together had putrified. These relics were publicly buried, after which, the house was haunted no more.

I am inclined to believe this story, having had it so confidently affirmed to me. I earnestly entreat you to bestow a little consideration, to inform me better on this point. 'Tis a subject worthy of the deepest inquiry ; though I confess I am not worthy to have you to communicate your learned thoughts to me. Although you can plead on both sides, and manage an argument either pro or con, as the custom of the gentlemen of the bar is, yet I beg you not to employ that talent here, but fairly to determine the point, because I would not be dismissed uncertain or left in suspense, since this is my reason for giving you this trouble. Farewell.'

To this singular relic we can only add, that as several interesting original papers, as well as extracts from various works, have from time to time appeared in *The Mirror*, elucidating this fact, that almost all the superstitions of times comparatively, and actually modern, have a classical origin, the *family likeness* which the Athenian Ghost bears to many an English one, will be readily acknowledged.

M. L. B.

Select Biography.

CHRISTOPHE, KING OF HAITI.
(Abridged from Mr. Mackenzie's
"Notes.")

HENRY CHRISTOPHE was born, according to an official account sanctioned by himself, in the island of Grenada, in the year 1769, and came at an early age to St. Domingo. He was not a pure black, but a sambo or griffe, as it is

called. He was the slave of a French gentleman, whose daughter resided there when I was at the Cape, to whom the former domestic was kind and attentive in his prosperity. He afterwards became a waiter at an hotel, then privateer's-man, and then returned to an hotel and gaming-house. It does not appear when he entered the army ; but in 1801 he was general of brigade and governor of the Cape. He distinguished himself on the arrival of the French expedition, first in his negotiations with Le Clerc, and second by filling his house, richly furnished, with combustibles, and setting fire to it, as a signal for the conflagration of the whole city. Before Toussaint submitted, Christophe had yielded to French ascendancy, and served for some time, but afterwards joined the bands that were roused to revolt by the unsparing atrocities of Rochambeau, whose memory has an unenviable celebrity in every part of Haiti. On the expulsion of the relics of that corps, in 1803, Christophe was one of the officers that signed the act of independence ; and although he served under Dessalines, he is reported to have entered into a confederacy which led to the assassination of the Emperor Jacques I. at Pont Rouge. That, however, is resolutely denied by his partisans.

The death of Dessalines was the signal for intrigue ; and Christophe, having failed in obtaining the wished-for ascendancy over the whole, retired to the Cape in the beginning of 1807, and was proclaimed president and generalissimo of Haiti. On the 28th of March, 1811, he was elected king, under the title of Henry I. The act called 'La loi constitutionnelle du Conseil d'état, qui établit la royauté à Haïti,' completely established the feudal law.

During his presidency, and the early part of his reign, he was mild, forbearing, and humane ; but afterwards his nature seemed to have been completely changed, and he indulged in whatever his uncontrolled passions suggested — and they suggested almost every act that can violate the charities of life ; and as he proceeded in his career, he became suspicious and wantonly cruel.

He was destitute of even the elements of education, and scrawled a signature mechanically, without knowing a single letter. He, however, understood English as well as French, and possessed a rare memory, as well as acuteness. Yet he never would speak the former when engaged in discussions with the British, by which means he had leisure to consider the topic which his inter-

preter was translating, and had at the same time an opportunity of determining the fidelity of that officer. A ludicrous story is told of an American captain, who had been brought before him for some violation of law, and who, indignant at the rating he received, and ignorant of his Majesty's accomplishments, muttered to himself a wish that he had the sable king at Charleston. Henry quietly asked him, 'How much do you think I should fetch?' The offender was dismissed; nor do I believe that any further notice was taken of his irreverent remark.

All his acts were not equally marked by the kingly virtue of mercy, his want of which began to be felt after he assumed the monarchy; for although he had all the semblance of a constitution, he was practically a thorough despot, dictating to the puppets, who appeared to those at a distance to act independently. On his return from his last unsuccessful attempt on Port-au-Prince, in 1812, some busy meddler told him, that the women of colour had gone to the cathedral, to implore Heaven to prevent his return. This was sufficient; bands of sanguinary ruffians proceeded from house to house of those destined for slaughter in the dead of the night, and massacred, without remorse, an immense number of these hapless beings. Indeed it is reported that, on an order for the indiscriminate murder of all the people of colour, even the sanctities of domestic life were violated; and I have sat at the same table with a black general, who I believe to have put to death, with his own hands, his coloured wife and children, in order to satiate his master's thirst for blood. But even that did not secure him from outrage, for in a fit of passion he did him the favour to knock out one of his eyes.

He also assassinated some German officers, who had been allure by his promises to erect fortifications, under some vague pretence of treason; but the real motive was to prevent the exposure of his defences.

Whatever may have been the motives of his early career, those of his latter life, if we can judge from his conduct, were to obtain uncontrolled power, and the most perfect indulgence of all his inclinations, however improper and licentious. I was told by a person who witnessed the transaction, that having detected one of his servants at Sans Souci stealing a very small quantity of salt fish, he ordered him to be laid down in his presence in the kitchen, and the man was literally scourged to death, and all en-

treaty sternly rejected. His Majesty then went to breakfast with as much composure as if he had been performing a very ordinary act.

I had in my possession a copy of the sentence of a court on a man who had been convicted of robbery, with the mandate of the king to carry it into effect within twenty-four hours. This gentle punishment was to scourge the convict to death with rods.

An English resident, named Davidson, fell under his suspicion as a spy: he was arrested, confined, and was even tortured. At the instance of all the foreigners, he was released, but compelled to quit the country at considerable loss.

His indulgences are described to have been of the most abandoned description. He addicted himself to brandy, which added fuel to his naturally ungovernable passions; and though, to gratify his European friends, he insisted on marriage, and set the example in his own person, yet he habitually broke its ties; and the palace acquired a title to a very degrading designation. It is recorded that the ladies attended there in regular rotation to abide the will of their despotic chief; and not one solitary Lucretia has been immortalized.

Among his other deeds, he was devoted to a female of colour, the wife of one of his officers, who, even when I saw her, justified her pretensions to beauty and grace. In order to have undisturbed possession of the lady, he vowed the husband mad, and consigned him for a long time to a mad-house. Sated, however, with the charms he had so ardently coveted, he discovered that their possessor was an improper character, and, above all, that she had 'une mauvaise langue.' He then ordered her to go in procession to the 'Maison des Fous, with drums and trumpets sounding,' to take out her husband, and to restore him to his connubial rights;—and though these violations of decency were public, yet no one dared to report them in Europe, such being the vigilance of his police, and such his dreaded severity.

His archbishops (two) were privately taken off; and so was Medina, the French agent. In short, the dagger and the cord were unsparingly used, and occasionally the poisoned chalice took off an unsuspecting victim, whom it would have been imprudent to have sacrificed more openly. But though I consider it more than probable that such statements are correct, yet as they may have been exaggerated, I do not relate

them with the same confidence that I have felt in such details as are supported by documents.

In the midst of all this brutality, Christophe was intent on exalting the condition of his kingdom; although his personal gratifications were probably the mainsprings of his action. He was the principal dealer in the country; and some English merchants, who had had extensive transactions with him, have described him to me as singularly well informed on all matters connected with this branch of his business. To promote the civilization of his subjects, he assembled men of talent, even from Europe, established schools, built fortifications, disciplined his army, formed courts for the administration of justice, encouraged commerce and agriculture, and undoubtedly promoted activity and enterprise. But the monarch was sullied with remorseless cruelty. As an ignorant untaught man, he may be considered one of those phenomena that occasionally excite attention, but leave scarcely any beneficial trace behind. He seems to have possessed a rare degree of native acuteness, activity, intrepidity, and the art of commanding the respect of those around him. These qualities, however, united with his absolute ignorance, were disadvantageous, as, while they made him thoroughly master of one view of a subject, he was blind to every other; and thus knowing nothing of the almost imperceptible degrees by which civilization can be rendered permanent, he attempted to carry his object by storm, and succeeded, until bodily infirmity convinced his barbarians that he was mortal. With all his strength of mind, he could not resist the temptation of encouraging a belief that he was protected by a tutelary demon, who would have instantly avenged any insult offered to him. It is also said that he had great faith in *Obeah*. With all his atrocities he was an affectionate father, and endeavoured to place his children above himself in mental culture.

Towards the close of his reign his cruelty became dreadful. He buffeted his generals—beat the governor of the Cape, Richard, with a huge stick, whenever he displeased him—degraded generals to the rank of private soldiers—sent his ministers to labour on the fortifications—and, above all, kept his soldiers in arrear of their pay from extraordinary avarice. A fit of apoplexy gave confidence to the dissatisfied, and revolt broke out, and terminated, as is well known, in the destruction of the monarchy.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

LEARNED POODLES.

From the Magazine of Natural History.

Two very remarkable savans now divide the attention of the French public with the romantic tragedy of *Hernani*, by Victor Hugo.

They are poodles from Milan, where they have received their education; the elder, named Fido, is white, with some black patches on his head and back, and the younger, who is called Bianco, is also white, but with red spots. Fido is a grave and serious personage, walks with dignity round the circle assembled to see him, and appears much absorbed in reflexion. Bianco is young and giddy, but full of talent when he chooses to apply it. Owing to his more sedate disposition, Fido, however, is called upon to act the principal part of the exhibition: a word is dictated to him from the Greek, Latin, Italian, German, French, or English language, and selected from a vocabulary where fifty words in each tongue are inscribed, and which altogether make three hundred different combinations. An alphabet is placed before Fido, from it he takes the letters which compose the given word, and lays them in their proper order at the feet of his master. On one occasion he was told to spell the word Heaven, and he quickly placed the letters till he came to the second e; he stood for an instant as if puzzled, but in a moment after he took the e out of the first syllable, and put it into the second. His attainments in orthography, however, are not so surprising as those in arithmetic; he practises the four rules with extraordinary facility, arranges the double ciphers as he did the double vowels in the word heaven, and rarely makes an error. When such does occur, his more thoughtless companion is called in to rectify it, which he invariably does with the greatest quickness, but as he had rather play than work, and pulls Fido by the ears to make him as idle as himself, he is quickly dismissed. One day the steady Fido spelt the word Jupiter with a b, instead of a p, after the manner of the Germans; Bianco was summoned to his aid, who, after contemplating the word, pushed out the b with his nose, and seizing a p between his teeth, put it into the vacancy. Fido is remarkable for the modest firmness with which he insists upon his correctness when he

feels convinced of it himself; for a lady having struck a repeating watch in his ear, he selected an 8 for the hour, and a 6 for the three quarters. The company present, and his master, called out to him he was wrong; he reviewed his numbers, and stood still, his master insisted, and he again examined his ciphers, after which he went quietly, but not in the least abashed, into the middle of the carpet, and looked at his audience; the watch was then sounded again, and it was found to have struck two at every quarter, and Fido received the plaudits which followed with as gentle a demeanour as he had borne the accusation of error.

One occupation seems to bring the giddy Bianco to the gravity of the elder savant, and when the spectators are tired of arithmetic and orthography, the two dogs either sit down with each other to *écarté*, or become the antagonists of one of the company. They ask for, or refuse cards, as their hands require, with a most important look, they cut at the proper times, and never mistake one suit for another. They have recourse to their ciphers to mark their points, and on one occasion Bianco having won, he selected his number, and on being asked what were the gains of his adversary, he immediately took an 0 between his teeth, and showed it to the querist; and both seem to know all the turns of the game as thoroughly as the most experienced card-players.

All this passes without the slightest visible or audible sign between the poodles and their master; the spectators are placed within three steps of the carpet on which the performance goes forward; people have gone for the sole purpose of watching the master, every body visits them, and yet no one has yet found out the mode of communication established between them and their owner. Whatever this communication may be, it does not deduct from the wonderful intelligence of these animals; for there must be a multiplicity of signs not only to be understood with eyes or ears, but to be separated from each other in their minds, or to be combined one with another, for the various trials in which they are exercised.

I have seen learned pigs and ponies, and can, after these spectacles, readily imagine how the extraordinary sagacity of a dog may be brought to a knowledge of the orthography of three hundred words; but I must confess myself puzzled by the acquirements of these poodles in arithmetic, which must depend upon the will of the spectator

who proposes the numbers; but that which is most surprising of all is the skill with which they play *écarté*. The gravity and attention with which they carry on their game is almost ludicrous, and the satisfaction of Bianco when he marks his points is perfectly evident.

I must not omit a very amiable feature in the character of these four-footed savans, which is, that their great superiority of instruction over their brethren has not in the least destroyed their more engaging qualities. Not only are they obedient, but lively, affectionate, and gentle, and have not one particle of conceit, though all Paris sees and admires them.

I can vouch for the entire veracity of the above statement, and am, Sir, yours, &c.—*Sarah Lee, 27, Burton Street, Burton Crescent, March, 1830.*

THE VETERAN TAR.

BY DELTA.

A MARINER, whom fate compell'd
To make his home ashore,
Lived in you cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed you vane upon the roof
To mark how stood the wind;
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,
When rock'd amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in this spot of garden ground
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender, that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And, blending with the roses' bloom,
Sea-thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war,
Rigg'd out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung,—his hours,
When lonely to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh:
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And stormstones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Staff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
No relative had he;
Even from his childhood was he seen
A haunter of the quay;
So, at the age of raw thirteen,
He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
He sail'd—a growing lad;
And all the isles of Western Ind,
In endless summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St. Lucie,
To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
When 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
Stoop'd Victory from the batter'd shrouds,
To crown the British tar:—
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
On board a ship of war.

Through forty years of storm and shine,
He plough'd the chaneful deep;
From where beneath the tropic line
The winged fishes leap,
To where frost rocks the Polar seas
To everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man,—
Methinks upon my view
He comes again—his varnish'd hat,
Striped shirt, and jacket blue;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
Keen eye, and plaited queue.

Yon turf'en bench the veteran loved
Beneath the threshold tree,
For from that spot he could survey
The broad expanse of sea,—
That element, where he so long
Had been a rover free!

And lighted up his faded face,
When drifting in the gale.
He with his telescope could catch,
Far off, a coming sail:
It was a music to his ear,
To list the sea-mews' wail!

Oft would he tell how, under Smith,
Upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French,
They join'd the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd
Behind their bags of sand.

And when he told, how, through the Sound,
With Nelson in his might,
They pass'd the Cronberg batteries,
To quell the Dane in fight,—
His voice with vigour fill'd again!
His veteran eye with light!

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak;
And, when he shew'd his osken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,
While his eye fill'd—for, wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt;
Tranquill as falls the snow on snow,
Life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him stealth.

We miss'd him on our seaward walk;
The children went no more
To listen to his evening talk,
Beside the cottage door;—
Grim palsy held him to the bed,
Which health eschew'd before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day
Beheld him weaker grow;
Day after day, his labouring pulse
Became more faint and slow;
For, in the chambers of his heart,
Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken and he wane,
Till frail as frail could be;
But duly at the hour which brings
Homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prop him in his couch,
To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watch'd the moving boat,
And now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote,
With gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray the mighty sun
Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
Of pilgrim travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came,
A thing to be desired;
And, breathing peace to all around,
The man of war expired.

THIRST.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

HUNGER's naething till thrust. Ane in the middle o' the muir o' Rannoch I had near dee'd o' thrust. I was crossing frae Loch Ericht fit to the head o' Glenorchy, and got in amang the hags, that for leagues and leagues a' round that dismal region seem howked out o' the black moss by demons doomed to dreary days-dargs for their sins in the wilderness. There was naething for't but lowp—lowp—lowpin' out o' se pit intil anither—hour after hour—till, sair forfeuchen, I feenally gied mysel' up for lost. Drought had soaked up the pools, and left their cracked bottoms barken'd in the heat. The heather was sliddery as ice, aneath that torrid zone. Sic a sun! No ae clud on a' the sky glitterin' wi' wirewoven sultriness! The howe o' the lift was like a great cawdron pabblin' into the boil ower a slow fire. The element o' water seem'd dried up out o' natur, a' except the big draps o' sweat that plashed doon on my fever'd hauns that began to trumble like leaves o' aspen. My mouth was made o' cork cover'd wi' dust—lips, tongue, palate, and a', doon till my throat and stammack. I spak—and the arid soun' was as if a buried corpse had tried to mutter through the smotherin' mousls. I thocht on the tongue of a parrot. The central lands o' Africa, whare lions gang ragin' mad for water, when cheated out o' blood, can be worse—dreamed I in a species o' delirium—than this dungeon'd desert. Oh! but a drap o' dew would hae seem'd then pregnant wi' salvation!—a shower out o' the windows o' heaven, like the direct gift o' God. Rain! Rain! Rain! what a world of life in that sma' word! But the atmosphere look'd as if it would never melt mair, intrenched against a' liquidity by brazen barriers burnin' in the sun. Spittle I had nane—and when in desperation I soaked the heather, 'twas frush and fusionless, as if withered by lichenin', and a' sap had left the vegetable creation. What'n a cursed fuie was I—for in a rage I fear I swore inwardly, (heev'n forgie me,) that I did na at the last change-house put into my pooch a bottle o' whisky! I fan' my pulse—and it was thin—thin—thin—sma'—sma'—sma'—noo nane ava'—and then a flutter that tel't tales o' the exhausted heart. I grat. Then shame came to my relief—shame even in that utter solitude. Somewhere or ither in the muir I knew there was a loch, and I took out my map. But the infernal idewit that had

planned it had na alloo'd a yellow circle o' aboun six inches square for a' Perthshire. What's become o' a' the birds-thocht I—and the bees—and the butter-flees—and the dragons? — a' wattin' their bills and their proboscises in far-off rills, and rivers, and lochs! O blessed wild-dyucks, plouterin' in the water, striekin' theirsells up, and flappin' their flashin' plumage in the pearly freshness! A great big speeder, wi' a bag-belly, was rinnin' up my leg, and I crushed it in my fierceness—the first inseck I ever wantonly murdered syne I was a wean. I kenna whether at last I swarfed or slept—but for certain sure I had a dream. I dreamt that I was at hame—and that a tub o' whey was staunin' on the kitchen dresser. I dook'd my head intil't, and soaked it dry to the wood. Yet it slokened not my thrust, but aggravated a thousan' fauld the torment o' my greed. A thunder-plump or water-spout brak amang the hills—and in an instant a' the burns were on spate; the Yarrow roarin' red, and foaming as it were mad,— and I thocht I cou'd ha'e drucken up a' its linns. 'Twas a brain fever ye see sirs, that had stricken me—a sair stroke—and I was conscious again o' lyin' broad awake in the desert, wi' my face up to the cruel sky. I was the verra personification o' Thrust! And felt that I was ane of the Damned Dry, doom'd for his sins to leve beyond the reign o' the element to a' Eternity. Suddenly, like a man shot in battle, I bounded up into the air—and ran off in the convulsive energy o' dyin' natur—till doon I fell—and felt that I was about indeed to expire. A sweet saft celestial greenness cooled my cheek as I lay, and my burnin' een—and then a gleam o' something like a mighty diamond—a gleam that seemed to comprehend within itsel' the haill universe—shone in upon and through my being—I gaz'd upon't wi' a' my senses—mercu' heaven! what was't but a WELL in the wilderness,—water—water—water,—and as I drank I prayed!—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Novelist.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

(By the author of *Pelham, &c.*)

WITHOUT interfering with the intensely interesting story of this work, we detach the only episode which it contains, merely introducing the hero as one of Paul Clifford's strange bedfellows in misery in the House of Correction:

History of Augustus Tomlinson.

"Never mind who was my father, nor what was my native place! My first ancestor was Tommy Linn—(his heir became Tom Linn's son): you have heard the ballad made in his praise—

* Tommy Linn is a Scotchman born,
His head is bald, and his beard is shorn;
He had a cap made of a hare skin,
An elder man is Tommy Linn!" &c.*

"There was a sort of prophecy respecting my ancestor's descendant's darkly insinuated in the concluding stanza of this ballad—

"Tommy Linn and his wife, and his wife's mother,
They all fell into the fire together:
They that lay undermost got a hot skin;—
'We are not enough!' said Tommy Linn."†

"You see the prophecy; it is applicable both to gentlemen rogues and to moderate Whigs; for both are *undermost* in the world, and both are perpetually bawling out '*We are not enough!*'

"I shall begin my own history by saying I went to a north country school, where I was noted for my aptness in learning, and my skill at 'prisoner's base':—Upon my word I purposed no pun! I was intended for the Church: wishing, betimes, to instruct myself in its ceremonies, I persuaded my schoolmaster's maid-servant to assist me towards promoting a christening. My father did not like this premature love for the sacred rites. He took me home; and, wishing to give my clerical ardour a different turn, prepared me for writing sermons, by reading me a dozen a-day. I grew tired of this, strange as it may seem to you. 'Father,' said I one morning, 'it is no use talking, I will not go into the Church—that's positive. Give me your blessing, and a hundred pounds, and I'll go up to London, and get a *living* instead of a curacy.' My father stormed, but I got the better at last. I talked of becoming a private tutor; swore I had heard nothing was so easy,—the only things wanted were—pupils; and the only way to get them—was to go to London, and let my learning be known. My poor father!—well, he's gone, and I am glad of it now!—(the speaker's voice faltered)—I got the better, I say, and I came to town, where I had a relation a bookseller. Through his interest, I wrote a book of *Travels in Ethiopia*, for an earl's son, who wanted to become a lion; and a Treatise on the Greek Particle, dedicated to the prime minister, for a dean, who wanted to become a bishop—Greek being, next to

* See Ritson's *North-Country Chorister*.

† Ibid.

interest, the best road to the mitre. These two achievements were liberally paid ; so I took a lodging in a first floor, and resolved to make a bold stroke for a wife. What do you think I did ?—nay, never guess, it would be hopeless. First, I went to the best tailor, and had my clothes sewn on my back ; secondly, I got the peerage and its genealogies by heart ; thirdly I marched one night, with the coolest deliberation possible, into the house of a duchess, who was giving an immense rout ! The newspapers had inspired me with this idea. I had read of the vast crowds which a lady ‘ at home ’ sought to win to her house. I had read of staircases impassable, and ladies carried out in a fit ; and common sense told me how impossible it was that the fair receiver should be acquainted with the legality of every importation. I therefore resolved to try my chance, and—entered the body of Augustus Tomlinson, as a piece of stolen goods. Faith ! the first night I was shy—I stuck to the staircase, and ogled an old maid of quality, whom I had heard announced as Lady Margaret Sinclair. Doubtless, she had never been ogled before ; and she was evidently enraptured with my glances. The next night I read of a ball at the Countess of ——. My heart beat as if I were going to be whipped ; but I plucked up courage, and repaired to her ladyship’s. There I again beheld the divine Lady Margaret ; and, observing that she turned yellow, by way of a blush, when she saw me, I profited by the port I had drunk as an encouragement to my entré, and lounging up in the most modish way possible, I reminded her ladyship of an introduction with which *I said* I had once been honoured at the Duke of Dashwell’s, and requested her hand for the next cotillon. Oh Paul ! fancy my triumph ! the old damsel said with a sigh, ‘ she remembered me very well,’ ha ! ha ! ha ! and I carried her off to the cotillon like another Theseus bearing away a second Ariadne. Not to be prolix on this part of my life, I went night after night to balls and routs, for admission to which half the fine gentlemen in London would have given their ears. And I improved my time so well with Lady Margaret, who was her own mistress, and had five thousand pounds,—a devilish bad portion for some, but not to be laughed at by me,—that I began to think *when* the happy day should be fixed. Meanwhile, as Lady Margaret introduced me to some of her friends, and my lodgings were in a good situation, I had been honoured with some real invitations. The only

two questions I ever was asked were (carelessly), ‘ Was I the only son ? ’ and on my veritable answer ‘ Yes ! ’ ‘ What ’ (this was more warmly put)—‘ what was my county ? ’—luckily my county was a wide one—Yorkshire ; and any of its inhabitants whom the fair interrogators might have questioned about me could only have answered, ‘ I was not in their part of it.’

“ Well, Paul, I grew so bold by success, that the devil one day put it into my head to go to a great dinner party at the Duke of Dashwell’s. I went, dined, nothing happened : I came away, and the next morning I read in the papers—

“ ‘ Mysterious affair,—person lately going about—first houses—most fashionable parties—nobody knows—Duke of Dashwell’s yesterday. Duke not like to make disturbance—as—Royalty present ! ’

“ The journal dropped from my hands. At that moment, the girl of the house gave me a note from Lady Margaret,—alluded to the paragraph ;—wondered who was ‘ The Stranger ;’—hoped to see me that night at Lord A——’s, to whose party I said I had been invited ;—speak then more fully on those matters I had touched on !”—in short, dear Paul, a tender epistle ! All great men are fatalists : I am one now : fate made me a madman : in the very face of this ominous paragraph, I mustered up courage, and went that night to Lord A——’s.”

(The imposture is detected.)

“ Not a word could I utter, Paul—not a word. Had it been the high-road, instead of a ball-room, I could have talked loudly enough, but I was under a spell. ‘ Ehem ! ’ I faltered at last :—‘ E—h—e—m ! Some mis—take, I—I.’ There I stopped. ‘ Sir,’ said the earl, regarding me with a grave sternness, ‘ you had better withdraw ! ’

“ ‘ Bless me ! what’s all this ? ’ cried Lady Margaret, dropping my palsied arm, and gazing on me as if she expected me to talk like a hero.

“ ‘ Oh,’ said I, ‘ Eh—e—m, eh—e—m, I will exp—lain to-morrow, eh—e—m, e—h—e—m.’ I made to the door ; all the eyes in the room seemed turned into burning-glasses, and blistered the very skin on my face. I heard a gentle shriek as I left the apartment ; Lady Margaret fainting, I suppose ! There ended my courtship, and my adventures in ‘ the best society.’ I fell melancholy at the ill success of my scheme. I fell melancholy on it, especially as my duns became menacing. So, I went to consult with my cousin the bookseller. He recom-

mended me to compose for the journals, and obtained me an offer. I went to work very patiently for a short time, and contracted some agreeable friendships with gentlemen whom I met at an ordinary in St. James's. Still, my duns, though I paid them by dribs and drabs, were the plague of my life : I confessed as much to one of my new friends. 'Come to Bath with me,' quoth he, 'for a week, and you shall return as rich as a Jew.' I accepted the offer, and went to Bath in my friend's chariot. He took the name of Lord Dunshunner, an Irish peer who had never been out of Galway, and was not therefore likely to be known at Bath. He took also a house for a year, filled it with wines, books, and a side-board of plate : as he talked vaguely of setting up (at the next parliament) for the town, he bought these goods of the townspeople, in order to encourage their trade ; I managed secretly to transport them to London and sell them ; and as we disposed of them fifty per cent. under cost price, our customers, the pawn-brokers, were not very inquisitive. We lived a jolly life at Bath for a couple of months, and departed one night leaving our housekeeper to answer all interrogatories. We had taken the precaution to wear disguises, stuffed ourselves out, and changed the hues of our hair : my noble friend was an adept in these transformations ; and though the police did not sleep on the business, they never stumbled on us. I am especially glad we were not discovered, for I liked Bath excessively, and I intend to return there some of these days, and retire from the world—on an heiress !

" Well, Paul, shortly after this adventure, I made your acquaintance. I continued ostensibly my literary profession, but only as a mask for the labours I did not profess. A circumstance obliged me to leave London rather precipitately. Lord Dunshunner joined me in Edinburgh. D—it, instead of doing any thing *there*, we were done.

" We left Edinburgh with very long faces, and at Carlisle we found it necessary to separate. For my part, I went as a valet to a nobleman who had just lost his last servant at Carlisle by a fever : my friend gave me the best of characters ! My new master was a very clever man. He astonished people at dinner by the impromptus he prepared at breakfast ;—in a word, he was a wit. He soon saw, for he was learned himself, that I had received a classical education, and he employed me in the confidential capacity of finding quotations for him. I classed these alphabetically, and under

three heads : ' Parliamentary, Literary, Dining out.' These were again subdivided into ' Fine,' ' Learned,' and ' Jocular ;' so that my master knew at once where to refer at once for genius, wisdom, and wit. He was delighted with my management of his intellects. In compliment to him, I paid more attention to politics than I had done before, for he was a ' great Whig,' and uncommonly liberal in every thing—but money !—Hence, Paul, the origin of my political principles ; and, I thank Heaven, there is not now a rogue in England who is a better, that is to say, more of a moderate Whig than your humble servant ! I continued with him nearly a year. He discharged me for a fault worthy of my genius,—other servants may lose the watch or the coat of their master ; I went at nobler game, and lost him—*his private character* !

" How do you mean ? "

" Why, I was enamoured of a lady who would not have looked at me as Mr. Tomlinson ; so I took my master's clothes, and occasionally his carriage, and made love to my nymph, as Lord —. Her vanity made her indiscreet. The Tory papers got hold of it ; and my master, in a change of ministers, was declared by George the Third to be ' too gay for a chancellor of the exchequer.' An old gentleman who had had fifteen children by a wife like a Gorgon, was chosen instead of my master ; and although the new minister was a fool in his public capacity, the moral public were perfectly content with him, because of *his private virtues* !

" My master was furious, made the strictest inquiry, *found* me out, and turned me out too !

" My last situation had not been lucrative ; I had neglected my perquisites, in my ardour for politics. My master, too, refused to give me a character : who would take me without one ?

" I was asking myself this melancholy question one morning, when I suddenly encountered one of the fine friends I had picked up at my old haunt, the ordinary, in St. James's. His name was Pepper.

" We went to a tavern, and drank a bottle together. Wine made me communicative : it also opened my comrade's heart. He asked me to take a ride with him that night towards Hounslow. I did so, and found a purse."

" How fortunate ! Where ? "

" In a gentleman's pocket. I was so pleased with my luck, that I went the same road twice a-week, in order to see if I could pick up any *more* purses. Fate favoured me, and I lived for a long

time the life of the blest. Oh, Paul, you know not—you know not what a glorious life is that of a highwayman; but you shall taste it one of these days. You shall, on my honour.

"I now lived with a club of honest fellows: we called ourselves 'The Exclusives,' for we were mighty reserved in our associates, and only those who did business on a grand scale were admitted into our set. For my part, with all my love for my profession, I liked ingenuity still better than force, and preferred what the vulgar called swindling, even to the high-road. On an expedition of this sort, I rode once into a country town, and saw a crowd assembled in one corner,—I joined it, and,—guess my feelings! beheld my poor friend, Viscount Dunshunner, just about to be hanged! I rode off as fast as I could,—I thought I saw Jack Ketch at my heels. My horse threw me at a hedge, and I broke my collar-bone. In the confinement that ensued, gloomy ideas floated before me. I did not like to be hanged; so I reasoned against my errors, and repented. I recovered slowly, returned to town, and repaired to my cousin the bookseller. To say truth, I had played him a little trick: collected some debts of his by a mistake—very natural in the confusion incident on my distresses.—However, he was extremely unkind about it, and the mistake, natural as it was, had cost me his acquaintance.

"I went now to him with the penitential aspect of the prodigal son, and, 'faith, he would not have made a bad representation of the fatted calf about to be killed on my return; so corpulent looked he, and so dejected! 'Graceless reprobate!' he began; 'your poor father is dead!' I was exceedingly shocked; but—never fear, Paul, I am not about to be pathetic. My father had divided his fortune among all his children; my share was 500*l.* The possession of this sum made my penitence seem much more sincere in the eyes of my good cousin; and after a very pathetic scene, he took me once more into favour. I now consulted with him as to the best method of laying out my capital and recovering my character. We could not devise any scheme at the first conference; but the second time I saw him, my cousin said with cheerful countenance, 'Cheer up, Augustus, I have got thee a situation. Mr. Asgrave, the banker, will take thee as a clerk. He is a most worthy man; and having a vast deal of learning, he will respect thee for thy acquirements.' The same day I was introduced to Mr. Asgrave,

who was a little man, with a fine bald benevolent head; and after a long conversation which he was pleased to hold with me, I became one of his quill-drivers. I don't know how it was, but by little and little, I rose in my master's good graces: I propitiated him, I fancy, by disposing of my 500*l.* according to his advice. He laid it out for me, on what he said was famous security, on a landed estate. Mr. Asgrave was of social habits: he had a capital house and excellent wines. As he was not very particular in his company, nor ambitious of visiting the great, he often suffered me to make one of his table, and was pleased to hold long arguments with me about the ancients. I soon found out that my master was a great moral philosopher; and being myself in weak health, sated of the ordinary pursuits of the world, in which my experience had forestalled my years, and naturally of a contemplative temperament, I turned my attention to the moral studies which so fascinated my employer. I read through nine shelves full of metaphysicians, and knew exactly the points in which those illustrious thinkers quarrelled with each other to the great advance of the science. My master and I used to hold many a long discussion about the nature of good and evil; and as by help of his benevolent head and a clear dogged voice, he always seemed to our audience to be the wiser and better man of the two, he was very well pleased with our disputes. This gentleman had an only daughter, an awful shrew, with a face like a hatchet; but philosophers overcome personal defects: and thinking only of the good her wealth might enable me to do to my fellow-creatures, I secretly made love to her. You will say, that was playing my master but a scurvy trick in return for his kindness,—not at all, my master himself had convinced me, that there was no such virtue as gratitude. It was an error of vulgar moralists. I yielded to his arguments, and at length privately espoused his daughter. The day after this took place, he summoned me to his study. 'So, Augustus,' said he very mildly, 'you have married my daughter: nay, never look confused; I saw a long time ago that you were resolved to do so, and I was very glad of it.'

"I attempted to falter out something like thanks. 'Never interrupt me!' said he. I had two reasons for being glad: first, because my daughter was the plague of my life, and I wanted some one to take her off my hands; secondly, because I required your assistance on a particular point, and I

could not venture to ask it of any one but my son-in-law. In fine, I wish to take you into partnership !!!'

" 'Partnership!' cried I, falling on my knees. 'Noble—generous man!'

" 'Stay a bit,' continued my father-in-law. 'What funds do you think requisite for the carrying on a bank? You look puzzled! Not a shilling! You will put in just as much as I do. You will put in rather more; for you once put in five hundred pounds, which has been spent long ago. I don't put in a shilling of my own. I live on my clients, and I very willingly offer you half of them!'

"Imagine, dear Paul, my astonishment, my dismay! I saw myself married to a hideous shrew—son-in-law to a penniless scoundrel, and cheated out of my whole fortune!

"As Mr. Asgrave was an indolent man, who passed his mornings in speculations on virtue, I was made the active partner. I spent the day at the counting-house; and when I came home for recreation, my wife scratched my eyes out."

"Of course I assumed, in all my changes, both Aliases and Disguises. And, to tell you the truth, my marriage so altered me, that what with a snuff-coloured coat, and a brown scratch wig, with a pen in my right ear, I looked the very picture of staid respectability. My face grew an inch longer every day.

"Well, we went on splendidly enough for about a year. Meanwhile I was wonderfully improved in philosophy.—At length, unhappily for my fame (for I contemplated a magnificent moral history of man, which, had she lived a year longer, I should have completed), my wife died in child-bed. My father-in-law and I were talking over the event, when a bit of paper, sealed awry, was given to my partner. He looked over it—finished the discussion, and then told me our bank had stopped payment.—'Now, Augustus,' said he, lighting his pipe with the bit of paper, 'you see the good of having nothing to lose!'

"We did not pay quite sixpence in the pound; but my partner was thought so unfortunate that the British public raised a subscription for him, and he retired on an annuity, greatly respected, and very much compassionated. As I had not been so well known as a moralist, and had not the prepossessing advantage of a bald benevolent head, nothing was done for me, and I was turned once more on the wide world, to moralize on the vicissitudes of fortune. My cousin the bookseller was no more, and his son cut

me. I took a garret in Warwick-court, and with a few books, my only consolation, I endeavoured to nerve my mind to the future. It was at this time, Paul, that my studies really availed me. So soon as my mind had made the grand discovery which Mr. Asgrave had made before me, that one should live according to a system—for if you do wrong, it is then your system that errs, not you—I took the road, without any of those stings of conscience which had hitherto annoyed me in such adventures. I formed one of a capital knot of 'Free Agents,' and I soon rose to distinction among them. But about six weeks ago, not less than formerly preferring by-ways to highways, I attempted to possess myself of a carriage, and sell it at discount. I was acquitted on the felony; but sent hither by Justice Burnflat on the misdemeanor. Thus far, my young friend, hath as yet proceeded the life of Augustus Tomlinson."

Of the work itself we need say only little, since it must already be in the hands of hundreds of novel-readers. But it will not only delight the mere novel-reader; for its biting satire, and accurate knowledge of the inmost recesses of the human heart, entitle it to rank as a philosophical production.

A score or two of the little quips of world-knowledge, picked from volumes 1 and 2, will be found elsewhere in the present sheet; and we are sure the reader will admire their raciness and ready humour. How poor human nature is twisted and tormented with such stings: why! the *furia infernalis* piercing through an elderly gentleman's silk stockings in hot weather is nothing to the razor-edge of fine satire. Swift says it is banded to and fro like a ball; but it must cut somewhere, even if we do not show the blood.

Notes of a Reader.

EMINENT LAWYERS—INNS OF COURT.

In 1578, Sir Edward Coke was reader of Lyon's Inn; in 1602, Selden became a member of Clifford's Inn; in 1629, Sir Matthew Hale was admitted a student of Lincoln's Inn; in 1665, North (Lord Keeper Guilford) was admitted a student of the Middle Temple; Jeffreys studied in the Inner Temple, with an income of 50*l.*; Somers studied in the Temple, and in the early years of his practice netted 700*l.* per annum, a very considerable sum at that period; Murray lived at No. 5, King's Bench-

walk. "When he first came to town," says Johnson, "he drank champagne with the wits." Pope had all the warmth of affection for Murray: one of his biographers tells us that "one day he was surprised by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, who took the liberty of entering his room without the ceremonious introduction of a servant, in the singular act of practising the graces of a speaker at a glass, while Pope sat by in the character of a friendly preceptor." Blackstone entered the Middle Temple in 1741. Lord Thurlow was not proud of his ancestry, for he says, "there were two Thurlows in my country—Thurlow the secretary, and Thurlow the carrier: I am descended from the latter." He was of the Inner Temple, and was so poor as to commence his circuit without the means of discharging the necessary expenses of the first stage; and he once contrived to reach the assize town by taking a horse upon trial. He had a duel, in Kensington Gardens, with Mr. Andrew Stewart, who observed that "Thurlow advanced and stood up to him like an elephant."

Of the early part of Mr. Dunning's life few details have been preserved. The assistance afforded him by his father being necessarily very small, he was compelled, while a student, to live in the most economical manner. At this period of his life his intimate friends were Mr. Kenyon, afterwards Lord Kenyon, and the celebrated Horne Tooke, then, like himself, a student of the law. "It would appear," says the biographer of the latter, "that none of the parties were very rich at this period, for they lived with a degree of frugality that will be deemed rather singular, when contrasted with their future wealth and celebrity. I have been frequently assured by Mr. Horne Tooke, that they were accustomed to dine together during the vacation, at a little eating-house in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane, for the sum of seven-pence halfpenny each. 'As to Dunning and myself,' added he, 'we were generous, for we gave the girl who waited upon us a penny a piece; but Kenyon, who always knew the value of money, sometimes rewarded her with a halfpenny, and sometimes with a promise.'"

Sir William Jones was admitted of the Temple in 1770. Dr. Thackeray, his master at Harrow, said, "so active was the mind of Jones, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches."

Erskine first went to sea, then changed

to the army; and when with his regiment in Minorca, not only read prayers, but preached two sermons. On his return to England, he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn.

Sir S. Romilly studied at Gray's Inn. *Abridged from Lives of Eminent British Lawyers, Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol. vi.*

LACONICS.

(Extracted and condensed from Paul Clifford.)

NOTHING so enrages persons on whom one depends, as any expressed determination of seeking independence.

SMOKING.

"SHE sought out another pipe, and, like all imaginative persons when the world goes wrong with them, consoled herself for the absence of realities by the creations of smoke."

"KNOCK HIM DOWN."

THERE is something peculiarly harsh and stumping in those three, hard—wirey—sturdy—stubborn monosyllables. Their very sound makes you double your fist if you are a hero; or your pace, if you are a peaceable man.

SLANG AND SCOTCH.

TARPEIA was crushed beneath the weight of ornaments! The language of the vulgar is a sort of Tarpeia! We could readily believe some gentler beings of the softer sex rather displeased with the tone of the dialogue we have given, did we not recollect how delighted they are with the provincial barbarities of the sister kingdom, whenever they meet them poured over the pages of some Scottish storyteller. As, unhappily for mankind, broad Scotch is not yet the universal language of Europe, we suppose our countrywomen will not be more unacquainted with the dialect of their own lower orders, than with that which breathes nasal melodies over the paradise of the North.

WHEN a man who can spell comes to be hanged, the anti-educationists accuse the spelling-book of his murder.

THE only person to whom one ever puts a question with a tolerable certainty of receiving a satisfactory answer is one's self.

CRITICISM is a very great science, and it may be divided into three branches, viz.—to tickle, to slash, and to plaster. To slash, is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and

branch. To plaster a book is to employ the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language, you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice unrowled. But to tickle is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art.

It looks handsome now-a-days to be attended by a bailiff. It shows one had credit once!

THOUGH hanging is a bad fate, starving is a worse; wherefore, fill your glass, and let us drink to the health of that great donkey, the people, and may we never want saddles to ride it!—To the great donkey, may your (*y*) ears be as long!

A MAN may reasonably boast of losing his senses, since it is only the minority who have them to lose.

PAUL had formed many of his notions from books, and he had the same fine theories of your "moral rogue," that possess the minds of young patriots when they first leave college for the House of Commons, and think integrity a prettier thing than office.

ENGLISH LAW.

PAUL was conducted in state to his retreat (a prison) in company with two other offenders, one a middle-aged man, though a very old "*file*," who was sentenced for getting money under false pretences, and the other a little boy, who had been found guilty of sleeping under a colonnade: it being the especial beauty of the English law to make no fine-drawn and nonsensical shades between vice and misfortune: and its peculiar method of protecting the honest being, to make as many rogues as possible in as short a space of time.

The Tread-mill—an admirably just invention, by which a strong man suffers no fatigue, and a weak one loses his health for life.

A TURNKEY does not care in the least how many men he locks up for an offence, but he does not at all like the trouble of looking after any one of his flock, to see that the offence is not committed.

It is with writers as with strolling-players, the same three ideas that did for Turks in one scene, do for Highlanders in the next.

A PRISON CELL.

A SORT of stone box, that generally accommodates three, and—for we have measured it, as we would have measured the cell of the prisoner of Chillon, just 8 feet by 6.

YOUNG people are apt, erroneously, to believe that it is a bad thing to be exceedingly wicked. The House of Correction is so called, because it is a place where so ridiculous a notion is invariably corrected.

PAUL, when in the House of Correction, is visited by Mrs. Lobkins: "they met Pyramus and Thisbe like, with a wall, or rather an iron gate between them."

"O Paul, thou hast brought thy pigs to a fine market."

"'Tis a proper market for pigs, for, of all others, it is the spot where a man learns to take care of his bacon."

HONOUR to king and country means getting rich and paying taxes. "The more taxes a man pays, the greater honour he is to both."

BY prudence and exertion, even in prisons, where a man cannot turn himself, he may manage to turn a penny.

HERE is a pun of the first water: Lord Mauleverer suggested to Lord Dareville, a distinguished gourmand, what a capital thing a dish all fins, (turbot's fins) might be made. "Capital," said he, with rapture, "dine on it with me to-morrow." Lord M. agreed, and the next day, after indulging in a pleasing reverie all the morning, as to the manner in which Dareville's cook would accomplish the grand idea, the nobles met. "Would you believe it? when the cover was removed, the sacrilegious dog of an Amphitryon had put into the dish Cicero de *finibus*. "There is a work all fins!" said he.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH.

THE veriest urchin that ever crept through the High-street, Edinburgh, is more than a match for the most scientific of Englishman. With us it is art; with the Scotch it is nature. They pick your pockets without using their fingers for it; and they prevent reprisal, by having nothing for you to pick.

DISCONTENT.

My distress almost made me a republican; but, true to my creed, I must confess that I would only have levelled upwards. I equally disaffected the inequality of riches: I looked moodily on every carriage that passed; I even

frowned like a second Catiline, at the steam of a gentleman's kitchen !

NOTHING is so respectable as a long face ! and a subdued expression of countenance is the surest sign of commercial prosperity.

You have no idea how a scolding wife sublimes and rarifies one's intellect. Thunder clears the air, you know !

SHOWY theories are always more seductive to the young and clever than suave examples, and the vanity of the youthful makes them better pleased by being convinced of a thing than by being enticed into it.

A DARK MORNING,—

As dark as if all the negroes of Africa had been stewed down into air.

A PUN.

[Te rediisse incolumem gaudeo,] which being interpreted, means that I am very glad to get back safe to my tea.

THERE is only one difference between the clever man and the fool ; the fool says what is false while the colours stare him in the face and give him the lie ; but the clever man takes, as it were, a brush, and literally turns the black into white, and the white into black, before he makes the assertion, which is then true. The fool changes, and is a liar ; the clever man makes the colours change, and is a genius.

SOMEHOW or other, young people of the gentler sex are rarely ill-bred, even in their eccentricities ; and there is often a great deal of grace in inexperience.

OPINIONS are like trees ; if they can be made serviceable by standing, don't part with a stick ; but when they are of that growth that sells well, or whenever they shut out a fine prospect, cut them down, and pack them off by all manner of means.

A FINE lady can submit to more hardships than her woman ; and every gentleman who travels, smiles at the privations which agonize his valet.

The Gatherer.

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT a mile from the city of Copenhagen, in a meadow near the public road, stands a small monumental obelisk, which was raised to the memory of Captain Albert Thura, by the Crown Prince. It appears by the inscription, that during the heat of the sanguinary battle of Copenhagen, a signal was

made from one of the block ships, that all the officers on board were killed ; the Crown Prince, who behaved with distinguished judgment and composure during the whole of that terrific and anxious day, and was giving his orders on shore, exclaimed, "Who will take the command ?" The gallant Thura replied, "I will, my prince," and immediately leaped into a boat, and as he was mounting the deck of the block ship, a British shot numbered him amongst the dead, and consigned his spirit and his glory to immortality.

W. G. C.

PEMBROKESHIRE WOMEN.

THERE is a peculiarity in the dress of the Pembrokeshire women, who, even in the midst of summer, wear a heavy cloth gown, and instead of a cap, a large handkerchief wrapt over their heads and tied under the chin. In the other parts of Wales, the women as well as the men wear large beaver hats, with broad brims flapping over their shoulders.

H. B. A.

BONNET

Made on Isabella Markhame, when I first thought her fayre as she stood at the Princesse's windowe in goodlye attyre, and talked to divers in the courte yard.

From a manuscript of John Harrington, dated 1564.

Whence comes my love ? O heart disclose,
'Twas from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoyle the rubies prayse,
From eyes that mock the diamond blaze,
Whence comes my love as freely own,
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart like stone.
The blushyng cheek speaks modest
mynde,

The lype befitting words most kynde,
The eye doth tempte to love's desyre,
And seems to saye 'tis Cupid's fire,
Yet all so fayre but speake my moane,
Sythe noughe dothe saye the hearte of
stone.

Why thus my love, so kynde bespeake,
Sweet lyppe, sweet eye, sweet blushing
cheek,

Yet not a hearte to save my payne,
O Venus take thy gifts again,
Make not so fayre to cause our moane,
Or make a hearte that's lyke our own.

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